

# Essex County Herald.

VOL. XXXII

ISLAND POND VT., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1904.

NO. 27

## A MATTER OF HEALTH

**ROYAL**  
**BAKING**  
**POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Essex District Probate Court.  
Sessions of said Court will be held at  
Island Pond, Vermont, on the second Tuesday of October and  
April, and on the second Tuesday of November and May.  
Special sessions will be held at any place in  
the district by agreement.  
ROBERT CHASE, Judge.

**W. H. BISHOP,**  
Notary Public with Seal  
Island Pond, Vt.

**DALE & AMEY,**  
Attorneys  
Collectors made and promptly remitted.  
ISLAND POND, VT.

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ISLAND POND, VT.

**MAY & HILL,**  
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**SIMONDS & FARNHAM,**  
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Physician and Surgeon  
Cross Street, Island Pond, Vt.

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Office at Residence, Main St.,  
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**E. N. TRENHOLME, D. D. S.,**  
Dentist.  
Office over post office, Island Pond, Vt.

**G. E. CLARKE,**  
Undertaker Funeral Supplies  
Island Pond, Vt.

**L. W. STEVENS,**  
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Deputy Sheriff.  
Island Pond, Vt.

**E. A. BEMIS,**  
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## Pettikins

By VIRGINIA  
WOODWARD CLOUD

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"I SUPPOSE that it is right to  
leave Pettikins home with  
Mary Doolin," said Marabel,  
pinning her hat on before the  
glass. "There is not room for her, of  
course. But to leave children with  
servants is not, as a rule, judicious."  
"What's judicious?" cried Pettikins,  
drawing her curly head in the window.  
"Why isn't there room this evening for  
me to drive too? Why can't I go?"  
"Gracious, I forgot she was there!"  
said Marabel.

"There are occasions when absence  
of mind is precious," remarked Miss  
Reed.  
Pettikins eyed her sister's friend  
speculatively. She adored Miss Reed  
because it appeared to Pettikins that  
the young lady talked as people do in  
books.

"Now, listen to me," broke in Marabel.  
"We are going to the station to  
meet Uncle George. You must stay  
right here with Mary Doolin. Only be  
sure to put your best white dress on."  
Marabel ran downstairs, and Pettikins,  
following, heard Miss Reed say:  
"You might as well, Marabel, or she'll  
find it out herself after one of her  
fits of silence. I never came across so  
inquiring a mind. She's an embryo  
Columbus."

"Embrolumbus," repeated Pettikins  
as the door closed. "Embrolumbus,"  
she said soberly on the way to the  
kitchen to find Mary Doolin. But Mary  
Doolin was sitting on a bench outside  
paring potatoes.

"Mary, what's an embrolumbus?" said  
Pettikins.  
"Don't come asking me no more  
about them baythen names!" said Mary  
Doolin.

"I'm wishin' somethin' might hap-  
pen," said Pettikins soberly. "A bear  
or soldiers maybe with red coats and  
brass horns and muffs on their hands,  
and all fightin' right here in the yard.  
Then before they shot at us, Mary  
Doolin, I'd run out and holler, 'Don't  
shoot!' and they'd stop."

"Did ye ever?" said Mary admiringly  
as Pettikins' thin little figure and tiny  
hands struck an attitude. "Oh, the  
military is just grand! An' wouldn't  
ye be afear'd of the firin', Pettikins?"  
Pettikins shook her head, standing  
absorbed in thought.

"Things don't happen 'cept to grown  
young ladies, do they, Mary?"  
The shade of wistfulness did not es-  
cape the shrewd Irish eyes upon her.  
"Niver mind. Ye'll soon be a beauti-  
ful lady drivin' off to mate yer swate-  
heart!"

"Uncle George," corrected Pettikins.  
"Ay, coarse, yer Uncle George. An'  
ye naden't be wantin' things to happen  
like the like of the 'currence I could tell  
ye this mornin'!"

"What's a 'currence, Mary Doolin?"  
Please tell me what's a 'currence."  
"Niver a bit will I, thin! 'Twas all  
in the mornin' paper about a woman  
down to the Branch. Miss McCree she  
was, pore soul! All through her tin-  
der heart she loses her last cent."

"Go on, go on, Mary Doolin! Please  
tell me how she lost her cent through  
her heart?"  
"Not I, indeed! She, thinkin' him a  
book agent, an' he, wid his little black  
bag all innocent-like an' knowin' she  
was alone by herself!"

"An' what was he, Mary Doolin—  
what was he?" demanded Pettikins,  
jumping up and down in her excite-  
ment.

"A burglar man, sure—a burglar man  
as burgled every cint av her hard earn-  
in'!"

ance than Mary Doolin's traditional  
fish worm. She strolled to the side  
porch, mentally rehearsing the scene,  
and sat upon the step under the tramp-  
et vine. Mary Doolin's stout form re-  
turned to the kitchen, and Pettikins  
dreamily watched a big bee darting in  
and out of a scarlet flower that climb-  
d outside Marabel's summer pantry.  
The door of this pantry opened on the  
porch and was ajar, and through the  
cool gloom of the interior could be  
seen Marabel's rows of preserve jars.  
"I wonder what Marabel's going to  
tell me—or I'll find out for myself,"  
said Pettikins presently, and then her  
heart stood still, for before her was a  
man. He was a man with a smiling  
countenance and, shade of the unfortu-  
nate Mrs. McCree, with a black bag!  
He surveyed Pettikins and smiled, fan-  
gling with his hand.

"Well, little lady, so you're alone?"  
Thus had the burglar discovered the  
solitude of Mrs. McCree. Pettikins



"WHICH WAY?" HE SAID.

opened her lips to scream, but they  
were dry. Her quick, logical mind and  
vivid imagination jumped to the utter-  
most conclusion. This, then, was a  
burglar—nay, no doubt the very bur-  
glar who had reduced the heroine of  
Mary Doolin's story to the semblance  
of a fish worm. Here was the  
innocent aspect, the polite subver-  
sive, actually the black bag contain-  
ing the tools of his nefarious craft!

And Mary Doolin, singing in the  
kitchen, gave a hundred miles away.  
"I fancy that your sister has driven  
to the station," said the burglar and  
waited, but Pettikins did not speak.  
"And suppose you ask me in," he con-  
tinued, "or, as I am tired and warm, I  
shall have to go in without an invita-  
tion."

He smiled and actually stepped upon  
the porch. Pettikins sprang to her  
feet. "Which way," he said—"this?"  
"Yes," breathed Pettikins, with a  
swift illumination of thought as the  
burglar stepped within the darkness of  
the summer pantry. In a second she  
had slammed and locked the door upon  
him, drawing from its lock the great  
key which stayed outside. And then  
her feet flew to the kitchen.

"Mary Doolin," cried Pettikins, sei-  
zing Mary's skirt, "I've got a burglar  
man! Yes, I have, Mary! He's the one  
that burgled Miss McCree of her red  
cent, for he's got his black bag along  
and his knives and things in it!"

"Is it off yer head ye are, Pettikins?"  
cried Mary Doolin.

But Pettikins' eyes were great and  
impressive. "Mary Doolin, I've locked  
him in the pantry before he could bur-  
gle us like he did Miss McCree, and  
here's the key, and he's makin' a awful  
noise!"

"Mother av Moses!" exclaimed Mary  
Doolin, seizing the key. "If it's the  
truth ye're tellin' me, what'll become  
av the pair av us, wid niver a man to  
hand 'cept one, an' him a thafe an' a  
robber? Come along, Pettikins, till I  
listen to him. Sure, I'd rather be out  
av the house than in it this mornin'!"

Mary Doolin cautiously approached the  
summer pantry armed with a  
shovel. Strange sounds were issuing  
therefrom. Calls, expostulations and  
raps followed in quick succession,  
while Mary crouched upon the grass,  
muttering to the saints, and Pettikins  
stood by, thrilled with the solemn en-  
joyment of such excitement.

When the yellow curl rolled in the  
gate, with Marabel driving and Miss  
Reed chatting to Uncle George, their  
consternation may be imagined. A  
volley of explanations met them, ac-  
centuated by the shovel, which Mary  
Doolin waved alternately from Pettikins  
to the pantry. Pettikins mean-  
while stood by drinking in the elabo-  
rated details with grave delight.

"An' the dirty thafe, wid his pistols  
in his bag, ready to burgle us out av  
the house, a-bowlin' an' scrapin' an'  
thinkin' to take her in! Not she, in-  
deed! Seem'd I could hear about pore  
Miss McCree, she says, 'Walk in, sir,'  
swate av honey, says she, an' in he  
walks to Miss Marabel's pantry, an'  
she up an' shames the door on him,  
an' there he is now a-burglin' Miss  
Marabel's preserves, the owdacious  
thafe!"

"And my head wasn't like a fish  
worm's, was it, Mary Doolin?" said  
Pettikins softly, with her eyes on  
Mary's face.  
Marabel and Miss Reed looked at  
each other in bewilderment, and Uncle

George said: "I'm afraid she's crazy.  
She's talking about fish worms."  
"Hear him, thin, for yourself!" cried  
Mary Doolin dramatically as there was  
a sudden outburst from the pantry, ac-  
companied by violent raps.

"Say, let me out of here, can't you?  
Mr. Bumstead, Miss Marabel! Unlock  
the door!"  
"Hear to his impudence!" cried  
Mary Doolin, while Pettikins stood  
first on one foot and then on the other  
in her silent and ecstatic enjoyment  
of the excitement.

But Marabel sprang forward and  
shook Pettikins by the shoulder.  
"Ellenor Lee Bumstead, you dreadful  
child! Give me that key, quick!"  
Mary Doolin tremblingly produced it,  
saying, "Sure, Miss Marabel, ye  
wouldn't be turnin' him loose on us  
now?"

"Burglar, indeed!" exclaimed Mara-  
bel, with a very red face. She threw  
the pantry door wide, and the burglar  
stepped forth, fanning himself with  
his hat.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "It's warm  
in here."

"Chenoweth!" exclaimed Uncle  
George, with a shout of laughter.  
"How perfectly shameful!" cried  
Marabel. "But it was Pettikins. You  
know, I warned you!"

"Mother av Moses!" exclaimed Mary  
Doolin, rushing to the kitchen, with  
her apron over her face.

"I thought you weren't coming," mur-  
mured Marabel to the burglar.

"I took the wrong train and had to  
walk from the junction," said the bur-  
glar to Marabel. And then they all  
looked for Pettikins, but she had dis-  
appeared.

"The child is so sensitive that I am  
afraid she will cry herself sick over  
the mistake," said Miss Reed. So Uncle  
George went in search, prepared to  
dry Pettikins' floods of mortified tears.  
He found her sitting behind a hay-  
stack, gazing speculatively into space.  
"Never mind, girlie," began Uncle  
George. "Accidents will happen in the  
best regulated!"

"Uncle George," said Pettikins, turn-  
ing upon him an absorbed gaze, "what  
would he have done if he'd been a real-  
ly burglar man? Please tell me, Uncle  
George."

"Young lady," said her uncle, "are  
you aware that the gentleman whom  
you looked up for an hour in that pan-  
try is your sister's fiancé?"

"What's fiancé?" said Pettikins.  
"The man your sister's going to mar-  
ry."

"Oh!" There was silence for a second,  
then, "Uncle George"—she twisted a  
button of his coat around abstractedly—  
"do you know what he's got in his  
black bag?"

"Clothes most likely. Why?"  
Pettikins gave a sigh of genuine dis-  
appointment. "The one who burgled  
Miss McCree had a black bag with  
knives in it," she said wistfully. Uncle  
George leaned backward on the hay  
and laughed long and loud, while Pet-



"GIVE ME THAT KEY, QUICK!"

tikins watched him uncomprehending-  
ly. Then he arose and took Pettikins  
to be presented to her future brother-  
in-law in spite of the fact that Mara-  
bel looked disapprovingly at the calico  
dress and straw decorated hat.

"This is Miss Ellenor Lee Bumstead,"  
announced Uncle George, while Pet-  
tikins shook hands with the burglar.

"I have heard that Pettikins is a  
unique character, and I can vouch for  
her prompt action in emergency," said  
the burglar. In a moment Pettikins' small  
feet had down to the kitchen, where  
Mary Doolin was taking a pan of  
biscuits from the oven.

"Mary Doolin, Mary Doolin! What's  
a neek cracker? Tell me, please,  
Mary!"

But Mary Doolin exclaimed wrath-  
fully: "Go 'long way wid ye for a bad  
child, Pettikins, wid yer stories about  
thaves an' robbers an' lockin' up a  
foine gintleman in the pantry, an' him  
yer sister's beau! I'm that ashamed I  
could walk a mile wid peas in me  
shoes!"

So Pettikins slipped around the side  
of the house and sat upon the porch  
steps in the early twilight, and pre-  
sently Miss Reed's voice could be heard  
saying, "The child is so imaginative  
that she really performed a heroic ac-  
tion."



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The Glenwood Oak Stove with triangular revolving grate is acknowledged the most perfect working coal stove ever made. This grate keeps the fire absolutely free from clinkers so that the fire need not be let out the entire winter.

The Mica Covered Openings in the lower feed door show the fire and give a most cheerful and pleasing effect.

The Swing Top may be turned to one side, allowing the large flat top beneath to be used for heating water, or other purposes when desired.

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It burns with economy either coal or wood.

FOSS & CO., ISLAND POND, VT.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SENATOR JOHN DANIEL of Virginia, who lost a leg at Manassas and who was an ardent champion of Judge Parker at the Democratic national convention, is a wit and a capital story teller. Har-  
per's Weekly credits the following to the senator:



SENATOR JOHN DANIEL.

"A gentleman in the south was one day in conversation with a Yankee who had brought letters of introduction from a friend in the north, when it transpired that the northerner was a veteran of the civil war.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "I was a participant in the late unpleasantness. You see this?" he added, pointing to a scar in his face. "I got that at the second battle of Bull Run."

"How in the world did you get hit in the face at the battle of Bull Run?" mischievously asked the southerner.

"Oh," responded the Yankee, with the utmost nonchalance, "I suppose I got careless and looked back."

Hermann Oelrichs, famous as busi-  
ness man, clubman, athlete and  
sportsman, has won a reputation re-  
cently as a poet. Once Mr. Oelrichs  
was famous as "the handsome bach-  
elor" of New York. Then he married  
Miss Tessie Fair, daughter of the Cal-  
ifornia bonanza king, whose wedding  
trousseau was said to have cost the  
best sum of \$100,000. Mr. Oelrichs is  
a prince of good fellows, and it was  
to entertain his associates in a Cali-  
fornia club that he wrote a revised  
version of the "House That Jack  
Built" in honor of the house building  
attainments of a fellow club member.

He had the verses illustrated by an  
artist and sumptuously bound in vel-  
um in a "limited edition" of 100  
copies. Mr. Oelrichs' literary venture  
made a great hit with his club friends.

In his prime as an athlete Mr. Oelrichs  
once had the audacity to chal-  
lenge John L. Sullivan to a boxing  
match. It was at the time when Sul-  
livan's mighty fist had swept all men  
before him. Oelrichs was then a  
leading light in the Racquet club, New  
York. A member of his club, which  
included some excellent amateur  
boxers, visited Sullivan and in-  
formed him that one of  
their number wished to try conclu-  
sions with him at a private contest  
before a half dozen men.

"Who's d' sucker?" mildly inquired  
Sullivan. "Oelrichs," was the reply.  
Sullivan grew serious. "Oelrichs?"  
said he. "I hear he's good wid his  
hands."

"Oh, so so," was the noncommittal  
rejoinder.  
The strong boy thought long and  
deeply. Then the genius of common  
sense asserted sway over his mind.  
"Count me out," he said; "they ain't  
nothin' in that game for me."

"Why?"  
"Why? Cos if I lick him I on'y get  
a couple er 'ousand cases, an' dat  
don't do no figure wid me, an' it  
don't do me no good. An' if he licks  
me, w'y, I'm done, I'm a no good. Say,  
I'll fight anybody, but no gentlemen  
amateurs for yours truly, John L.  
Sullivan."

Arthur T. Hadley, the genial pres-  
ident of Yale university, always keeps  
on unusually good terms with the small  
boys of his neighbor-  
hood. In his encoun-  
ters with the little  
Yankees of New Ha-  
ven the distinguished  
professor, howev-  
er, sometimes comes  
off second best, says  
the New York Her-  
ald. Only the other  
day—and he tells the  
story himself—Mr.  
Hadley chanced to  
pass a little urchin who turned to look  
up curiously at the tall figure.

"Hello, boy!" called President Had-  
ley. "What time is it by your nose?"  
The little chap was ready for him.  
"Dunno," came the retort. "Mine  
ain't runnin'. Is yours?"

James Speyer, head of the New York  
banking house of Speyer & Co., has  
given financial circles something to  
talk about in his negotiations with the  
Mexican government, by which he has  
arranged to finance the new Mexican  
\$40,000,000 gold loan. The deal is re-  
garded as marking an epoch in inter-  
national finance. Mr. Speyer is one of  
the most prominent of the younger  
financial leaders in New York. He is  
noted for his inter-  
est in art and in  
practical philantrop-  
ies, such as social  
settlements and ed-  
ucational work  
among the poor. He  
and his wife gave  
\$100,000 to the  
Teachers' college of  
Columbia universi-  
ty, with which a  
model public school  
is being erected in  
connection with the  
college, to be conducted as a part of  
its school system. Mr. Speyer has a  
beautiful residence, called Waldheim,  
at Scarborough, on the Hudson, which  
has a colonial dining room with a  
fringe in tapestry illustrating historical  
events. Mr. Speyer was born in New  
York in 1861 and is the son of Gusta-  
vus Speyer, who in 1845, with his  
brother Philip, founded the banking  
business since conducted by the fam-  
ily. Mr. James Speyer is a director  
in the Pacific Mail Steamship com-  
pany and the Southern Pacific Railway  
company. He is also connected with  
several other corporations and is a  
popular clubman.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, K. C. B.,  
appointed by Premier Balfour to con-  
duct the investigation into the firing of  
the Russian fleet on British trawlers  
in the North sea, has been in Great  
Britain's navy fifty years, his last com-  
mand being the Chi-  
na station. Since he  
has been out of ac-  
tive service Sir Cy-  
prian has occupied  
several important  
admiralty posts. He  
is now a bluff vet-  
eran of threescore  
and five. During the  
Indian mutiny he  
was with the Brit-  
ish squadron in the  
bay of Bengal, and he served with the  
naval brigade in Burma. Of late years  
he has been best known in British na-  
val circles as an expert on ordnance.  
He became a rear admiral in 1892, a  
vice admiral six years later and an  
admiral when he retired. Admiral  
Dewey, who is talked of as one of the  
international commissioners who are to  
weigh the evidence concerning the  
North sea affair, is two years older  
than Admiral Bridge.

The oldest statue in the world, a  
marble image of Daddu, which was  
recently unearthed on the site of Baby-  
lon, is said to closely resemble Senator  
Chauncey M. Depew of New York. His  
term as junior senator will expire in  
March, 1905, and he is a candidate for  
re-election. He is in his seventy-first  
year and still loves a good story even  
when it is told at his own expense. A  
new Depew story  
told by the New  
York Herald is an  
amusing variation of  
the ancient theme of  
the prophet in his  
own country. The  
senator, in great  
haste, had boarded a  
Forty-second street  
car to catch a train  
from the Grand Cen-  
tral station. To his  
embarrassment he  
found himself without a penny of  
change. He sought the conductor.  
"I am Chauncey Depew," he explained.  
"I must catch a train in four min-  
utes, and I haven't any fare."  
"That won't go here!" snarled the  
conductor.  
"I beg your pardon," was the good  
natured rejoinder. "Here's my card.  
Come to my office tomorrow, and I will  
give you \$5."  
"Now, Nothin' doin'."  
"But I am Senator Depew. If you  
will only—"  
"See here," said the conductor, "it



JAMES SPEYER.

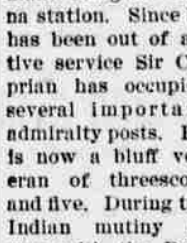
won't work. I don't care if you're  
Chauncey Olcott, you've got to pay  
your fare on this car."

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black, who,  
without fee, will attempt to save from  
the scaffold Caleb Powers of Ken-  
tucky, the alleged murderer of Govern-  
or Goebel, is one of the cleverest law-  
yers in New York, an orator of na-  
tional reputation and a wit. He is  
tall and gaunt, and his striking phys-  
ique has often caused him to be  
likened to Abraham Lincoln. When  
he was conducting his successful de-  
fense of Roland B.  
Molineux, accused  
of being a poisoner,  
several years ago,  
the state based its  
whole case upon the  
theory that cyanide  
of mercury—the po-  
ison with which Mrs.  
Adams, Molineux's  
alleged victim, was  
killed—is a rare po-  
ison and cannot be  
obtained except by  
an experienced chemist. To refute this  
Mr. Black produced six witnesses,  
each of whom displayed an ounce of  
the stuff brought without trouble at dif-  
ferent drug shops.

When the sixth of the bottles had  
been handed back to Mr. Black from  
the jurymen who wanted to examine  
them the ex-governor stood for a mo-  
ment with his hands full.

"Well, governor, what are you going  
to do with them?" asked Assistant  
District Attorney Osborne.

Mr. Black looked quizzically at his  
opponent and then down at the poison  
he held—enough to kill fifty persons.  
"I think," said Mr. Black, "I shall  
give them to the prosecution."



R. E. PEARY.

Commander Robert E. Peary is not  
tired of polar exploration yet. He  
is planning another  
expedition north-  
ward. The ship in  
which he is to make  
the voyage is al-  
ready under con-  
struction, and he ex-  
pects to start about  
the 1st of July, 1905.  
Commander Peary  
holds that, while his  
previous expeditions  
have not led to the  
discovery of the  
pole, they have been  
fruitful of much valuable information.  
Thus he is encouraged to keep on and  
hopes to achieve his ambition and find  
the goal so many before him have  
sought. The next expedition will fol-  
low the so called American route.

## CHRISTMAS FAD.

Scheme of Gift Luncheons Introduced  
by a Philadelphia Debutante.

Christmas gift luncheons are likely  
to be given to a large extent during  
the next few weeks by society girls  
who have adopted the new idea—or,  
rather, a return to the old—of making  
with their own hands the souvenirs  
they present to their dear 500 friends,  
says a writer in the New York Press.  
A Philadelphia debutante, Miss Rita  
Heberton, recently originated the gift  
luncheon, when she invited to the  
handsome home of the Craig Hebertons,  
in Walnut street, a dozen other  
inventive young women for an affair  
of that sort. Each guest was asked  
to contribute ten suggestions for  
Christmas novelties suitable for home  
manufacture.

The lists were numbered and read  
aloud without anything being said to  
betray their authorship. A bonbon  
ballet was cast for the string of sug-  
gestions best combining originality  
with practicability, and a dainty prize  
was given to the winner. Miss Heberton,  
as hostess, became the possessor of the  
hints, so she found herself with  
five score excellent ideas for holiday  
presents in addition to her own. Need-  
less to say, each of the twelve friends  
will receive from the clever Quaker  
City belle at least one of the gifts for  
which she indicated preference in her  
little list.

Appropos of the North sea incident a  
United States naval officer says that  
panics caused the United States block-  
ading ships off Cuba "to fire at each  
other, at colliers, dispatch boats, tor-  
pedo boats and at nothing at all." The  
terrible fate of the Maine was not  
speedily forgotten by those who were  
facing similar danger.